A Box in the Ocean

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/34511479.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal - Fandom
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, argument, jealous!Hannibal, Vulnerable Hannibal Lecter, Dominant Will Graham, Romance, Smut, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Murder Husbands, Spanking, Biting, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Switching, Dom/sub Play, Will in lingerie, Hannibal in Lingerie, Equal opportunity y'all, Tenderness, Yearning, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, sex while on the phone, Exhibitionism, Mirror Sex, Submissive Hannibal Lecter, Service Top Hannibal Lecter, Bossy Top Will Graham, Obsessive Will Graham, just the way we like him, Dark Will Graham, Power Bottom Will Graham, Light Face Slapping, Daddy Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Gold Rush, Part 2 of Gold Rush Dark
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-15 Completed: 2021-10-18 Words: 16,355 Chapters: 4/4

A Box in the Ocean

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

After Hannibal kills a guy for daring to flirt with Will, he tries to dodge Will's questions about his true motivations. Of course, where Will's obsessive love for Hannibal is concerned, there's nowhere for the Ripper to run.

This could take place anytime after the Ripper case closes and before Hannibal's kidnapping in the main "Gold Rush" storyline.

Chapter 1

“I might be too weak to fall in love
And I might be too much for everyone
All these explosive emotions I'm holdin'
But you'll never know them, 'cause I put them in a box in the ocean” -Alessia Cara

Part 1: Cramped up in the learning curve
Will.

"I just wanna set you on fire so I won't have to burn alone" -Rihanna

***

“You have to stop doing this, Hannibal.” Will spoke flatly, but his body stormed, propelling him into the house as he slammed his keys on the counter, waiting, counting a few fast and angry heartbeats for his lover to catch up.

Counting didn’t calm him down any, but then mindfulness strategies had never worked on him; they bounced off his anxious excess of emotion and fell away useless. When it came to Hannibal, he seemed to get riled up faster than a Louisiana thunderstorm ruined a river swim on a hot July night. He felt the anger and hurt roiling through him like that, like electricity. He needed Hannibal to get singed.

Hannibal wasn’t even fucking sorry, that was the most infuriating part.

When he finally bothered to appear, trailing Will into the house, he looked like he was on his way to an awards show to humbly collect a trophy for “Most Sensitive and Well-Behaved Lover.” He didn’t bother with a hangdog look of regret or penitence, just that unflappably superior expression that said, despite the blood under both their nails and the scarlet flush spreading over Will’s face, the clutching twist of his balled up fingers on the counter, the almighty Chesapeake Ripper stood by his outrageous behavior.

It was as if he was patiently waiting for *Will* to calm down and be reasonable. Which was beyond unacceptable. The disciplinary side of Will flared sure, strong and powerful, squeezing in his quickened heartbeat and the warm fluttering sweep of arousal that gathered at his erogenous zones every damn time he was mad at Hannibal.

That getting pissed off at him made Will insanely horny was even more infuriating.

“You’re going to get us caught,” he snapped, blazing blue accusations up at the older man, defying the scant inches between his stature and Hannibal’s lofty stratosphere of godlike indifference to consequences which he seldom feared, feeling above human limitations.

Will wanted him human again. He needed him undone and begging, had to rip the security blanket of his person suit away, past the false veneer of Saintly Dr. Lecter, digging further to the place past merely human where Hannibal was the monster, the feral beast who couldn’t

control his urges when it came to Will. He needed this flame of passionate fury to burn them both to ashes where they stood.

And Hannibal wanted to be self-righteous. He was getting himself in deeper trouble with every stupid thing he said.

“What would you have me do, William?”

There they stood, visible to each other only by a wan sliver of gold from the light over the stove, Hannibal’s nostrils flaring slightly as his voice deepened in its authoritative stubbornness, but he was otherwise too calm, too eerily okay with what happened and how mad Will was and all the risk, the goddamn foolish drama of it all.

Hannibal’s golden eyes, flooded with more glistening honey highlights than usual by the faint matching glow which struck them at just the right angle to make him look more god-like in his beauty than usual, majestic and otherworldly, just looking into them made the dagger in Will’s heart dig deeper. That enormously presumptuous, glamorous gaze flicked over Will’s aggressive stance, Will's hands perched on his slim hips while his well-built chest heaved with furious breaths coming faster by the second, and the not-so-good doctor had the nerve to lick his lips.

“So sweet how you remember my whole first name only when you’re mad. Watch out, Doctor., your emotions are *almost* showing. That would be bad, huh?”

Will glared. Hannibal let out a short, aggravated and sarcastic chuckle.

“You think this is funny?” Will stepped closer and glared harder; *God,* those eyes, they swallowed him whole so effortlessly. He perched his fingers on Hannibal’s broad, distractingly firm chest and lightly shoved him. “I’m not laughing.”

“It wasn’t amusement that prompted me to laugh,” Hannibal insisted coldly.

He looked almost disdainfully down at Will’s hand, making a cold skeleton claw of agonizing, offended doubt squeeze Will’s heart almost to bursting. He couldn't be there alone, the only one upset. This unevenness between them left a sour taste in his mouth which he did not intend to tolerate.

“Merely frustration at your naive refusal to acknowledge that you are perfectly aware of my rules and expectations with regard to your faithfulness and the issue of your other admirers. Yet you routinely pretend ignorance, simply because it suits you better to complain about the very peculiarities in my nature which you once claimed to find enthralling. I might well question *you* as to the reason: do you thrive on drama to such a childish extent as that, *William*?”

“I don’t find it *enthralling* that you feel the need to kill anyone who looks at me in what you consider ‘the wrong way’,” Will lied.

“That’s a lie,” Hannibal countered. Bastard.

They were fire and ice, Will's cheeks blazing ruby red, tears glazing his bright eyes while Hannibal was glacially indignant, up on some imaginary moral high ground again. The self-righteous cannibal. Was Will's taste in men really *this* absurd? It was sadly undeniable.

"Shut up," Will retorted, pressing a hand to his flaming temple. He rubbed his face. Fuck, it was like negotiating with a toddler and a PhD holding psychotherapist at the same time. His lover contained such insane and bothersome and annoyingly adorable multitudes.

"Okay." He squeezed his eyes shut because sometimes not looking at Hannibal made it easier to remember that boring independence which used to make breathing a simple matter of course, not a struggle, not a function whose power now lie in someone else's -- selfish and vain -- hands. "There's no point talking to you when you're like this, *DOCTOR*."

"My hearing is completely functional, William, despite your diagnosis of my 'selfish and vain' incapacity for reason and empathy. Meanwhile, I do not appreciate your inane tendency to shout when angry. Self-control is a forgotten concept in such moments, as I see."

"I said I'm done, so stop trying to keep the conversation going," Will grumbled. He pointed at Hannibal rudely. " I'm insulting myself, lowering myself by attempting to *pretend* you are capable of caring for anyone outside of your own greedy, single-minded, destructive agendas."

Will fumed, tugging loose his glossy pink necktie and leaving it to hang crooked about his ivory shirt, laying intentional waste to the perfect aesthetic with which Hannibal had dressed him earlier in the evening.

His designer suit was an original, made to compliment Hannibal's own: Will's, a twill sapphire blue jacket and trousers. Hannibal's suit was pink and grey-blue plaid with a deeper blue pocket square, plus a grey shirt underneath. Now, as anyone would agree, that damn ridiculous pink plaid would look absurd on anyone else. So how come it made Hannibal look as much like a sex god as ever, *Daddy* to the last detail. His shoulders, exquisitely squared, looked immense, like they always did when he tried to use his larger physique, creepy-calm demeanor and bossy ways to put Will in his place, simultaneously protecting his terrified vulnerability, the very entity in him which Will craved to hold in his hands.

Infuriating.

"He didn't merely look at you the wrong way." Hannibal pursed his sumptuous lips, fangs flashing for one quick second as Will kicked his shiny, insanely expensive brown loafers clear across the room.

The shoes hit the kitchen door with a dull thud and left a soft smear of chestnut that revealed he had nicked the surface of one *and* fucked up the door. *Good.*

"Must you be quite so petulant?" Hannibal was still steady, slowly and surely undoing the buttons on his winter coat before neatly hanging it on the hook by the door, then bending down to place Will's shoes in a neat spot. He toed off his own shoes and placed them next to Will's like everything was even more okay than ever.

“Must you be quite so fucking *evasive,* Dr. Lecter?” Will’s voice took on that mocking lilt, despite the angry gravel in his tone, which always seemed to make his boyfriend a bit ill at ease. Almost reaching him where it seemed to hurt most: his almighty pride.

He strode up to Hannibal, refusing to touch him even when the older man automatically sealed himself against the door, back pressed to the surface while his eyes widened, searing desire dilating his pupils. All of the back and forth between them made Will lose his center of gravity. He was always being reeled in by Hannibal just to be tossed back into the fathomless fear of his former loneliness, out of nowhere, all the while being accused as if *he* was the unpredictable, irrational one in the relationship.

“These silly little mind games of yours may work well enough on your naive patients, but I’m not one of your toys, Doctor, to be fiddled with until I function in whatever shade of me seems to match your suit or fit your mood or *amuse* you.”

He wanted, wanted, *wanted* so very much to take Hannibal for all he was, the good and horrible, and kiss his pretty mouth till it bled and purpled with bruising and bite marks, half of it caused by his inability to stop moaning when Will worked his roughest magic on him.

Hannibal always got so damn loud when they had sex, especially when Will topped. The younger man’s head spun as his cock twitched, his fingertips tingling to grab a nice big lock of Hannibal’s silky-soft hair and yank, lick up his silver-gold-bearded jawline and bite the side of his face lightly, just a tease, use one knee to part Hannibal’s legs and rub his own erection against the older man’s, like two reckless strangers hooking up in public, more, worse, better -- like *animals*.

He did no such thing. Hannibal needed to learn a lesson, and when this was over, Will would have his way, would see him torn to pieces and begging for Will’s punishment, for *Will.* His damn thickening, pulsing cock didn’t care about proving a point, and he was getting so dizzy on the smell of Hannibal’s rich, spicy cologne mixed with the faint lingering trace of blood, on Hannibal’s increasingly helpless and expectant look. He was watching Will, enraptured, captivated, once again owned. But it still wasn’t enough.

“The problem is,” Will let out a shaky sigh, hating the bitter prick of tears in his eyes and the raw lump in his throat he had to swallow back to continue. “I really look forward to our dancing lessons. And it’s like you couldn’t let me have that.”

“Will,” Hannibal was soundly defeated just that easily, whereas with anyone else in the world he would never have admitted he was wrong, even on pain of death. “I hope you understand that to poison your enjoyment of our romantic evening, of this weekly ritual -- that was never my intent-”

“What did you think would happen? Hmm?” Will had been standing so close, his chest *barely* not pressed to the other man’s, his aching dick just inches from grinding where Hannibal was obscenely tenting his pants, and he’d rather miss out on his own easy pleasure than allow this pain to build in his heart from letting Hannibal do whatever the hell he wanted with their precious freedom and the tender need for them to be fully open with each other -- more naked than any of their sultriest moments; without that honesty, Will would rather die.

“Will.” Hannibal closed his eyes, turned his face to submissively present his chiseled profile, painted in the prettiest blush. He was trembling. “Mylimasis--”

“What. Did. You. *Think?* That you’d ruin our special night and I’d thank you, fuck you against this door to validate your bad attitude and refusal to be real with me?” Will shook his head vehemently. “You can forget it, Hannibal.”

“I need you,” Hannibal whispered. “All of you.”

“As always.” Will smiled sadly, though Hannibal refused to meet his searching gaze. Hiding again. It hurt too much for Will to lose him, as he sometimes still did in these moments. “You want all of me,” he scented Hannibal’s neck, suppressing a growl at his body heat, his irresistible perfection, the way he was *everything* Will had ever wanted and so much more.

“But you won’t give me all of you.” Will ghosted his touch over Hannibal’s face, enjoying in some dark, unsatisfying, awe-inducing way the flickering huff of his lover’s baited breath, how the older man opened his lips expectantly when Will almost brushed his thumb directly over them.

“Hmm,” he mused, bracing his hand against the door by Hannibal’s head. He wanted to plunge his thumb roughly into that velvety, wet heat in the doctor’s mouth and let his lover lick and suck his digit, and then he wanted to put his hand down the back of Hannibal’s pants and open him with barest lubrication, knowing Hannibal would let him, would beg him to go faster and harder--

“Fuck,” he muttered, the tension in his own sex unbearable. He could barely process thought -- Jesus *Christ*, this man.

“Fuck, Hannibal.” He let his eyes wander freely, his rough and owning gaze doing all sorts of naughty, insatiable things to Hannibal’s body, so tense and needy under all that expensive suit fabric, under his self-imposed prison of defenses, walls between them which Will would not tolerate to stand tall and proud one more night. “I’ve been patient long enough. Look at me and tell me why you killed him.”

“He touched you.” Hannibal’s voice had finally gone guttural. He poured his big, pleading eyes all over Will, jealousy burning there in his unspoken confession. So, Will had broken through the surface of the ice. But there was so much more to it than that.

“Be completely open with me,” Will urged, almost gentle for a moment. “He was teaching us to do the Vienna Waltz. He had to touch me, and you know it. You know it meant nothing. Sure, he was looking at me kind of flirtatiously and that was rude, but that still doesn't fully explain your choice. So -- why?”

“I’ve answered that already.” Hannibal sniffed pridefully, sliding around Will and trying to stalk off. “If that’s all…”

“What, you’re embarrassed?” Will grabbed his sleeve and spun him around. “You’re walking away from me again?”

Now they were in the study, the scene of so many nights, hot seductions and cozy relaxation, the scene of their love. Couldn't Hannibal feel and hear the echoes on the air, the countless words of love, philosophy, admiration and excited plans for the future they had shared there, all the poems they whispered and kissed into each's others mouths, riding each other on that pristine, stiff couch, panting and grabbing at all their most sensitive spots, igniting pleasure into pain and back again until it all blurred and they Became, vitally, one.

"We're in love and there isn't a cure. Or an escape," Will warned. "We're the biggest inevitability of your universe, and you'd better accept it if you ever want all of me again. Are you afraid of losing me?"

Hannibal frowned, cupped the back of his neck and muttered some little comment about being "tired now, Will. Since you're disinclined to romance this evening…"

"You have the nerve to regularly call *me* a brat?" Will groaned at his antics. "The goddamn unforgivable pride on you. Your armor, your walls, do you think there's any barrier you can throw up that I won't tear down to get to you?"

"I hope..." Hannibal sat down stiffly, almost comically formal, on their couch, by the harpsichord where he routinely put all the sad confusion he couldn't form into vocal professions. He played it in his songs instead, wrapped it up in luxurious gifts, carved it into would-be rivals for Will's heart with the sharpest tip of the cruelest blade.

"You hope." Will didn't sit beside him, but circled the couch like a vulture. "You don't *know*?"

"I wish you would cease in interrogating me like one of your suspects." Hannibal had begun to take mindfulness breaths, trying to center himself in his fallback of primness, examining his flawless hands on both sides, his admiration undeterred by the flecks of Reid Taylor's blood lining the sides of his elegantly manicured nails.

"Hannibal, this is your last chance. Tell me the real reason why you lost it so badly tonight, and I will give you what you want. Not only that, but I'll give it to you one hundred percent exactly like you need it, longer and harder than ever. Keep trying to freeze me out, and you can sleep right there on the couch."

"This was originally my house, William."

"I don't care, Doctor."

It dawned on Hannibal, right on his snobbishly superior face, that Will was serious about them sleeping apart.

Will had unraveled his man again, almost without realizing his own powerful intensity until the words had gone flying from his mouth and his desperation was again -- so obvious. If he couldn't hide from Hannibal -- and God knew he couldn't -- then that had to be balanced.

Hannibal shivered and murmured, "You know how much I want for us to end the evening with love making rather than an unresolved quarrel. And I am willing to admit...that I truly

regret my haste -- however warranted the repercussions of Mr. Taylor's conduct."

Will dropped to a crouch in front of Hannibal, trying the soft approach again. He dropped his head to Hannibal's thigh and nuzzled just a little. "Please, Daddy. I don't want to fight, but if you won't give me you, I will lose my temper. You know how I am, I'm never going to settle for your increments."

Hannibal pressed a hand into Will's soft curls where his boy was burying his sweet face and starting just barely to nibble, teeth tugging at the fabric of his pants, threatening to pierce his skin sharp and mark him, clothes be damned. "I love you, Will. My darling. I'm longing for you, as if you are a mirage I can never quite believe to be real, yet the only satiation for my soul-deep --"

"Stop," Will groaned, withdrawing his needy, boyish affections while Hannibal shivered harder and quietly gasped in deprivation. "*Tell me.* Why did you kill Reid like that, knowing it would be hard to cover up, knowing you were endangering our cover, our freedom, the life we're building here? Leave out the metaphors and all the florid attempts to dazzle me. I've been head over heels from the first second I saw you: I'm dazzled. Stop working so hard to impress me -- Give me the truth."

Hannibal white-knuckle gripped the couch and sighed sharply, "He wanted you from the moment you walked in, and he did not even attempt to hide it from me. This seems to keep happening, anywhere we go."

"So it's going to be like this, huh? More bait and switch." Will stalked to the desk and made himself a whiskey, declining to offer Hannibal any refreshment. He took long sip of the warm and rough liquor, then offered almost blandly, "You wanna know how I remember it?"

"No, thank you." Hannibal picked up the nearest novel sitting on the low glass table in front of the couch, which happened to be Will's old rumpled paperback of *Howard's End,* and pretended to thumb through it with sudden interest.

He was fucking *cute*. His hair had come a little loose and fell over his brow, so soft; his suit was wrinkled from their confused game of *almost* seduction; his big hands on the book looked suddenly helpless, his demeanor depressed and lost.

Will wanted to spank his lover until Hannibal forgot his own name. He was holding the goddamn book upside down. He was so precious, and he had no idea.

In a way, that was the real issue behind this weird relapse into emotional evasiveness: Hannibal had never been told in a way he could hold onto for life that he was special, when it mattered and was needed most in that formative manner -- in his early childhood. He was a boy again tonight, all extravagant manifestations of smooth precision, all big puppy eyes and strange bursts of uncharacteristic disorganization, wild risks where he would normally be infallibly careful.

"I guess tonight's lesson would have turned out okay if Renee didn't get a cold," Will theorized, sitting on the edge of Hannibal's pristine desk with a whiskey in one hand, prying open his shirt collar with the other, ruffling a hand through his unruly curls and taking a swig

of whiskey before adding, “But instead of our usual instructor at La Danse, tonight there was a substitute.”

Hannibal glowered. “I remember what happened. My hands still ache.”

Will mouth tweaked soft and deadly, just at one corner, and he shook his head. Sitting on Hannibal’s desk had always made him feel he was marking his property, and he did it now to reassert the claim and put himself above Hannibal, establishing dominance. The profiler’s suit was exactly tailored to his physique, clinging to the curves of his thighs and showing off the still stiff outline of his need, only slightly diminished by the lack of immediate acknowledgement on either of their parts.

He sighed. “What about your heart, Hannibal?”

Chapter 2

Part 2: It's never gonna be that easy

Hannibal.

"Always resignation and acceptance. Always prudence and honour and duty. Elinor, where is your heart?" Marianne Dashwood in Sense and Sensibility (1995), screenplay by Emma Thompson.

A Few Weeks Ago…

Hannibal had been delighted to hear that Jack and Bella Crawford would soon be renewing their wedding vows, and even more pleased that there would be a dinner to follow. Despite the puzzling and somewhat disturbing line on the invitation to "Come casual: jeans and t-shirts fine!," he knew how special this occasion was to the couple whom he genuinely admired.

Jack was a good boss to Will, and Bella a more than worthy spouse. They both suitably complimented Hannibal's cookery whenever he hosted a dinner party, and the four of them were able to enjoy regular double dates without lapses into awkward silence. He could not recall a single time that either Bella or Jack had been rude in his presence, and it also paid to keep Jack close and friendly, considering that Frederick Chilton's trial had not yet ended, and it was wise to keep tabs on any lingering doubts Jack might hold regarding the man's guilt of the Ripper's crimes, any new theories that might threaten him and Will. As unlikely as it was, Hannibal lived by a code of quiet vigilance on all such matters.

He considered all of this reason enough to be willing to "dress down" and attend the romantic fete, seeing that even the heading atop the postcard invitation read *"Nothing Fancy, Just Love."* Apparently, the occasion would be a backyard barbecue; however, there would be dancing. This led to a conversation over an intimate dinner with Will one evening, regarding their mutual skills on the dancefloor.

That evening, Hannibal had prepared one of Will's preferred appetizers, bacon-wrapped scallops, having wrapped a particularly succulent selection of glistening, juicy seafood with the smoked and salted remains of a recent victim. He couldn't quite take his eyes off Will while the boy licked his fingers of salty-rich cuisine, following the scallops and human meat from their hunt with a happy swallow of finest, crisp champagne and a refreshing raw oyster, the flavor zesty with lemon juice and bright with delicious flavor which had the pleasant tendency to make his boy feel "in the mood."

He normally could not stop staring at his lover, but he had to admit, the french maid lingerie Will still wore from their earlier and quite lengthy role play happened to make it even harder than usual to concentrate on anything else. The exquisite decor of his dignified study, their place, was softened by the wafting music from the record player (one of Will's records, Ani Difranco singing about an ex-lover's untouchable face. The lyrics were as meticulously crafted as one of Hannibal's compositions upon harpsichord or one of his blade-precise

sketches, every twisting line and curve emphasizing the artist's profundity of grief, of a paranoid emptiness resulting from the belief one could not be fully loved as one loved, the impossibility of this --)

And through that, and the creamy Strawberry Semifreddo, and Will's head on his shoulder spilling messy curls and pretty, husky laughs, the corseted top of his naughty little dress making Hannibal doubt he would last another ten minutes before pouncing again, they had a few moments to discuss ideas for the next few date nights.

"I always wanted to take dance lessons," Will muttered into Hannibal's neck, kissing and biting his warm, sensitive skin, getting the older man to gasp and cup Will's nape, encouraging him to continue his languid mouthing, the flicking, sweeping and sucking on all the bite marks he'd made earlier, "My mom taught me to waltz, of course, but Jack told me that he and Bella learned to *tango* -- they're going to show it off at the reception next week."

"You want to learn the tango?" Hannibal inquired, noisily pushing the plates away, too concerned with gathering Will onto his lap to worry about the mess or racket. Will giggled, straddling him and starting to lightly grind.

"All the dances…" Will licked his own thumb and rubbed it with calculated attentiveness over Hannibal's nipple, knowing and using his lover's every weakness to stunning effect. "It seems like such a romantic way to, uhhmmm…."

Hannibal's hands were under Will's skirt, groping his ass rhymically, and they looked a comical disaster, Will's corset having been torn open in front by Hannibal's eager hands, leaving a huge rip down the delicate ivory lace. One of Will's black thigh high stockings was missing, having been used to bind his wrists, while the other was still in place, tugged on now by Hannibal so playfully, their kisses rapid, breathy, building, lips and hands all over each other. Hannibal had ably portrayed the role of the wealthy master of the estate where this naughty little maid worked, and he had been quite dismayed to hear of a vase which his employee broke while dusting.

"Keep the flame alive?" Hannibal suggested throatily, guiding Will onto his cock and groaning when his boy lowered himself onto his rigid sex with no further delay, immediately taking him down the base, Will's fingers digging into Hannibal's neck while he lightly choked and started bouncing, ragged breathing and swears making Hannibal grin, continuing his rough manhandling of the naughty maid's supple derrier.

"I think -- the flame's in no -- danger of being -- doused," Will gritted out between the wild rocking of his hips that sent Hannibal's girthy cock deeper faster inside his tight, slick heat, pleasure flooding them both and rising with every breathtaking movement they made, Hannibal fucking up harder into his boy and Will's eyes rolling back. "I just like...fuck, Jesus, oh, my God, just like that--"

Will's orgasm hit him so quickly, the intensity too much, sending tears down his adorable face as Hannibal smirked, pleased that his own calculated movements had paid off. He knew exactly how to hit the sweet spot that made Will's toes curl, and nothing made him happier, even his own release -- which followed soon enough, fucking Will into overstimulation while the boy wept with joy into his neck, body ragdoll weak with euphoric fever, teeth tightening

on Hannibal's shoulder when the older man spilled his seed copiously inside him, moaning his name and those very, *very* dirty Lithuanian proclamations which always gave Will's self esteem a healthy boost.

"You were saying?" Hannibal inquired about fifteen minutes later when they could breathe and form thoughts, then words, again.

They lay tangled on the quite thoroughly ruined peach blush throw blanket, and Will blew one of the blanket's tassels from his mouth, pulling several more out of his curls while casting Hannibal a coy look. It was nearly impossible to tell whose legs and arms and hearts were whose, and this was just the way they liked it best, hot, sex sweaty and peppered with each other's cologne, hearts pounding, limbs heavy with afterglow.

Will laughed that whole-hearted laugh that made his lover's heart feel it might explode, and Hannibal curved a hand around his face, stroking his bearded jaw and caressing a tear of passionate exertion which still lingered salty on his cheek. The profiler, splayed on top of Hannibal, kissed his boyfriends fingers when the caresses wandered there, and then said firmly, delightedly, "I want to dance all the dances with you."

"Fox trot?" Hannibal inquired, saucy again as he kissed Will's neck and liberally stroked big hands down his sides to his hips, across his ass, this was becoming a distraction again for them both. "Salsa?"

"Yes," Will grinned between kisses, raking a hand through Hannibal's hair, pausing the conversation to tug the doctor's lower lip between his teeth, then lick and suck, a familiar and suggestive rhythm that sent Hannibal's heart automatically racing again. "Yes."

"Polka?" Hannibal frowned, feigning terror at the thought. "Line dancing?"

"You know about line dancing?" Will paused, brow knit, with a puzzled smile, in the act of sliding a finger under Hannibal's black suspenders (the shirt had been misplaced hours ago, although Will insisted the suspenders must remain, hugging Hannibal's hairy chest and stomach in a way he seemed to enjoy greatly that made Hannibal blush. His trousers were still on, but unfastened for...reasons).

"Your parents once threatened to introduce me to one of their favorite venues for it," Hannibal winced.

Will grimaced with another hearty chuckle. "No, absolutely not, and no to the polka- why do I have the feeling I'd end up looking like an electrified chicken?"

"A very sweet and irresistible chicken," Hannibal corrected him smoothly, toying with the little white lace apron on the front of Will's dress while his eyes wandered down the smooth swath of exposed and toned chest thanks to the ripped front of the garment.

"I know you wanna eat me, honey, but can you be more subtle about it than that?" Will rolled his eyes, and Hannibal grabbed his arm to nibble on his elbow, pretending to be feral with hunger. They laughed and tumbled over, play-wrestling until their arousal started to mount again.

Hannibal knew the unfolding of these rituals, that laughter would fade into moans without either of them consciously registering the shift in mood, that he *would* certainly eat Will in a sense...lavishing his hot and relentless tongue all over the boy's entrance, perhaps even make Will come untouched otherwise just to make him absolutely wild and very loud. He could not quite remember why he used to dislike loud noises so much, not when it came to Will's helplessly natural, ever-inspiring moans, gasps, cries and shouts.

"Jack said the dance studio where he and Bella went is great," Will panted out, moaning when Hannibal flipped him onto his stomach and shoved him into presenting position, squeezing and caressing his ass under the frilly skirt with undiminished desire. "I can, um, ooohhh! God. Don't you ever get tired -- aaaahh! I guess not, Jesus...fuck -- I can call tomorrow and try to get us into weekly classes--"

"What a wonderful idea. Such a perfectly well-behaved and thoughtful little maid you are," Hannibal praised smugly, laying a warm, teasingly wet kiss on Will's hole while the younger man grabbed the blanket with a wanton gasp.

"I'm really not, Daddy -- oh, I mean sir," Will said, doing his best apologetic pout, gripping the blanket harder when Hannibal circled his hole slowly and suggestively. "I'm afraid I didn't tell you the whole truth about what happened in the sitting room earlier. I also knocked over three of your best crystal wine goblets. Please forgive me, sir -- I was only trying to do the dusting."

"You really are such a clumsy, naughty thing," Hannibal chided, "But still, I don't think I'll fire you, my dear. You have other charms that more than make up for the odd shattered heirloom."

"Do I?" Will looked back over his shoulder, smiling proudly, too endearing for Hannibal to resist another second. "High praise--"

Will's vocabulary rapidly devolved as Hannibal grabbed his ass tightly and disappeared under the frills of the skirt, lapping and sucking until all memory of language had fled Will's understanding.

***

A Few Hours Ago…

The dance studio was dark when they arrived for their 7:30 Vienna Waltz tutorial, and after walking in hand-in-hand with Hannibal, cheeks flushed with cold and laughter, Will called into the echoing shadows, "Hello? Renee?"

"Oh!" A young man's voice snapped brightly from the hall behind the front office desk. He came striding to the desk and flicked the overhead lights on. "There we go. So, so sorry. I'm all alone tonight as Dawn had to leave early for a family dinner, and of course Renee's out sick."

The stranger, who gracefully balanced an armful of file folders and a coffee cup in his hands, was somewhat older than his voice had implied, around 45 with nicely thick iron-grey hair

slicked back with good quality gel. Hannibal's rapid-fire visual assessment continued as his eyes tracked over the man's height, approximately 5'6", his trim and adroit figure and respectable J Crew suit, robin's egg and sans tie, white shirt collar left unbuttoned to reveal a tanned neck.

"Oh, sorry to hear Renee's not feeling well," Will said, putting a hand out automatically to introduce himself, only to realize the man had no free hand to shake.

They both laughed, and then Will helpfully took the file folders the man was struggling to hold and put them down on the desk, allowing for a proper handshake and pleasant greeting.

Hannibal was going to rip this man's throat out with his bare fingernails.

"I'm Reid Taylor," the man said in a crisp British accent, his sea-green eyes wide with fascination as he looked more properly at Will. "I usually teach on the weekends only, day job you know, keeps me busy. But I'm happy to help Renee out by covering her classes. She only has a cold, so not to worry."

Hannibal, who by now was pondering the joyful effect which might be produced by a potent bath of acid into which 'Reid Taylor' might be lowered to endure horrible agonies and plentiful regret for his life choices, piped up at last, feeling half-forgotten by Will, ignored or not at all noticed by Taylor, and overall furious.

"We weren't informed of the change," he said coldly, pleased to remind himself that his own Tom Ford suit was worth at least two thousand dollars more than Taylor's outfit. "Might I see some documentation authenticating your substitution as instructor for the evening? And in addition to your academic credentials in the art of dance?"

"Is he always like this?" Taylor inquired, shooting Will a conspiratorial smile.

"Yeah, he is," Will answered, beaming with pride that deflected Reid's attempt to snub the doctor. "And I *love* it. This is my boyfriend, Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

Hannibal gripped Taylor's hand a tad too tightly, causing the other man's brows to arch in confused discomfort. He might misinterpret Hannibal's machismo as a typical posturing habit of possessive claim on Will, but the real threat, or by now a promise, was much more severe.

"Eh, charmed, I'm sure," Taylor chirped awkwardly. "Em, will this do, Dr. Lecter?"

Taylor fished a cell phone from his jacket pocket and flicked his fingers across the screen several times before holding it up for Will and Hannibal's perusal. The screen showed a poster advertising Reid Taylor in a sold-out solo performance encompassing several of the most notoriously difficult men's ballet roles -- Hilarion, Albrecht, James from *la Sylphide*, Basil and Spartacus.

"And…" he moved his finger across the screen to show one more performance flyer, this one for jazz-ballet and ballroom fusion, the bright yellow "SOLD OUT!" sticker revealing he had again occupied every single seat at the Ballet Theatre of Maryland.

“Wow, I guess you must know your stuff,” Will whistled under his breath, and although he was again holding Hannibal’s hand, was warm and real and present, in no way flirting with Reid Taylor, Hannibal could tell he had registered the man’s admiration and was impressed by his fame and success.

He was only being polite, and mostly for Hannibal’s own sake, the Ripper knew. He knew that Will knew he was bristling with jealous, possessive anger and liable to snap at any moment, and Will knew that he knew how much Will looked forward to these romantic nights of dance together, then the dinner at one of their favorite restaurants to follow, where they could discuss what they had learned and which styles of dance they had most enjoyed thus far. Will was essentially trying to save Hannibal from ruining this evening, and that riled Hannibal further; it seemed so condescending, as if he was a child to be *managed.*

“I suppose your qualifications are roughly substantial,” Hannibal allowed, “Although one form of documentation thereto would have been quite sufficient, Mr. Taylor.”

“Alrighty then,” Taylor said with a smile that certainly seemed sarcastic and helped seal his doom. He gestured behind him at the studio where Renee usually taught the evening lessons. “Shall we, gentlemen?”

He let his too-clinging gaze fall on Will again, beautiful Will in his custom suit, his piercing eyes and addictive, confident charisma, that relaxed manliness that made Hannibal want to fall to his knees in worship. No one else had the privilege of open, sensuous admiration of his beloved, but to be quite so rude in its display was unforgivable.

Hannibal’s lips stretched into an eerie mask of a smile. His fangs were on display, and his eyes were deep-set with darkening intent. “We shall indeed,” he said, so lightly and pleasantly, it was terrifying.

“Honey?” Will tugged his sleeve before they followed Taylor into the studio. “No.”

“No,” Hannibal nodded, smiling more calmly and affectionately. He kissed Will’s cheek. “No, of course not.”

“Okay.” Will nodded, not one hundred percent convinced, but at least pacified by Hannibal’s casual resolve not to kill the substitute teacher. Enough not to yank his lover out of the studio before violence erupted. “Good.”

***

“I told you,” Taylor laughed as Will cursed after stepping on Hannibal’s foot. “There aren’t many steps in the Vienna Waltz, but they are *challenging* steps for any dancer. I know you’re a seasoned dancer yourself, Dr. Lecter, and Renee raves about your waltzing. Just keep in mind, this is a faster tempo, and that reverse turn is a doozy.”

“I’ll say,” Will agreed, a bit out of breath from the challenging dance, leaning his hands on Hannibal, one on the doctor’s shoulder and the other resting so gently and trusting on his upheld hand.

Still, Hannibal couldn't seem to make his cold mood defrost; he was fundamentally upset in some way he did not quite understand. Will noticed and murmured softly, "C'mon, honey, relax. You know I have no interest in him, flirting or not, and I'm here with you. Next week, Renee will be back. We already paid for--"

"Yes, of course, you're right, Will." Hannibal's tight mouth couldn't quite form a smile.

"Hey," Will frowned, "Are you--"

"Okay, guys?" Reid interrupted because of course he did. "Ready to go again?"

Hannibal danced the next iteration with near-robotic seamlessness, too distracted by intrusively paranoid jealousy to notice that his partner was lagging behind him in precision, until Will stumbled again and nearly knocked them both to the floor.

This might have resolved in loving laughter and stolen kisses if they were alone, but as it was, Reid Taylor approached with a stern expression for Hannibal. Naturally, Will was dubbed the blameless victim in the misstep.

"Dr. Lecter, you must maintain the bodily connection to your partner. Rather than letting your mind wander, hold firm to your awareness of Will's presence and --"

He bleated on, but Hannibal's eyes had gone stormy at the way he called him by his formal title of "Dr. Lecter," and Will was just "Will." It seemed as if this man believed he could steal Will out from under Hannibal without even trying to hide his intentions. One might wonder how such a fellow managed to sleep at night, except that he was only going to sleep one more time, eternally. That much was certain…

A vein throbbed in Hannibal's temple, the twitching sensation of his Ripper side's hackles making him sweat. Taylor had stepped in, getting into formal waltz position with Will to physically demonstrate how Hannibal could learn to be more attentive. Will was only focused on the steps, trying to understand them mostly by watching Taylor's feet as they darted with sprightly second-nature ease, gleaming tan loafers which Hannibal wanted to sever at the ankles. Interestingly, that was one of the more painful ways to die, but he lacked the equipment to realize it here and now.

Will was watching still Taylor's feet and trying to match the moves and rhythm while the classical music flowed on cheerfully from the iPhone plugged into speakers on the table by the door. On the shiny hardwood, Taylor was watching Will, his hands holding him so eagerly, almost tender in his palpable attraction, stunned in fact by Will's beauty, a moth to the flame. Hannibal knew the feeling. He knew how it felt to fear he was just one more such victim of love's cruel sport, that the entire concept of longterm romance was unsustainable, and Will would tire of him, would find someone else (perhaps someone more even tempered, someone shorter than him who didn't loom and could match him easier on the dancefloor, so much less leaning up and recalculating, did Will get stiff neck with Hannibal? Was it…)

Will looked over at Hannibal and registered his pale face, his silent anguish beneath his frozen smile. Something angry and hurt flashed in his bright blue eyes, and then he did exactly one thing that made Hannibal absolutely explode. Will visibly caressed Taylor's hand

just once, the one joined to his own in mid-air as they spun and pranced to the music, and the dance teacher's eyes widened in pleased surprise.

Hannibal moved so fast, he blurred before the eyes of the other men, and Will didn't even get out a full "Stop!" -- easily pushed aside in his shocked dismay before Hannibal smashed the handle of a mop hard into Taylor's head, immediately drawing a splash of blood and a terrible cracking noise. He smiled grimly, alight with relief while Taylor, concussed, pressed a hand to his bloody head in confusion.

"You can still stop, Hannibal, please," Will pleaded, having been knocked to the floor. "We can do *something* about this, but if you--"

He might have fought Hannibal physically, might even have prevailed -- whether from his own prowess, which he called "scrappy" in its lack of formal training but its intense success rate -- or from Hannibal's inability to really hurt him. But he seemed oddly resolved to let Hannibal make his own decision.

Ignoring his lover's request, Hannibal grasped the handle of a large, heavy bucket of dance floor wax and dumped it over Taylor's head, immersing the man's face completely in the gel-like wax with its sickly fake lemon scent. The weight and panic of suffocation, added to the brutal concussion, caused Taylor to crumble pathetically to the floor, hands batting around his face in a pointless, uncoordinated attempt to pry the bucket and its contents off of him.

"Hannibal," Will said more firmly, getting truly incensed now. Hannibal was past caring. Without bothering to reply, he retrieved the broom, gave it an elegant spin in the air, then impaled Taylor with the stick end, right through the stomach, the instrument making a cruel and harsh impact with the floor once it had been thrust all the way through Taylor's vital organs and emerged from his back, severing his spine on the way.

"Of course, he's fainted from pain, but it remains to be seen whether he will actually die of suffocation or due to bleed out from his impalement."

Hannibal removed the pocket square from his own suit jacket and lightly mopped his brow, then removed the jacket with cool and casual amusement, ready to settle in to watch the rest of the show unfolding. He sat elegantly with his long legs crossed, his hair cresting over his flushed face, but his posture utterly debonair, opera-suitable, hell -- therapy session suitable, his gaze on Taylor's vague bodily flails worthy of one of his most obnoxious or boring patients.

"I'm going to kill *you,*" Will snarled, flinging himself into a folding chair a few seats down from Hannibal's.

"How sad that Mr. Taylor should suffer such a fundamental lack of coordination in his final moments," Hannibal pondered cheerfully. "If his legions of fans could only see him now."

"You're the worst," Will retorted, about to storm out.

Every sign of Will's frustration seemed to urge Hannibal to dig a deeper hole for himself, put up another wall which he did not even want to exist between them. Somehow, he couldn't

help the instinct.

“Perhaps he shouldn’t have been quite so aware of your bodily presence,” Hannibal continued, endlessly pleased with himself on one level, even as he felt his standing in Will’s esteem sinking like a burning shipwreck down into a deep ocean.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake.” Will flung his hands up. “I can’t leave you with this, or we’ll both be caught. So why don’t you shut up and help me clean. Just know that this conversation is not over.”

Hannibal opened his mouth to reply, but his lover snapped, “*No.*”

This was always confusing; even in his rebellious spurts of doubt and destructive acts towards the very love that ruled him, Hannibal could never seem to help being as well-trained to Will’s command as one of his dogs. It ought to feel demeaning, perhaps it did and that was part of the strange thrill it occasioned him, to be so cast down and weakened, begging for the gift of Will’s slightest affection like a puppy sitting up to adorably request a treat. Perhaps he liked and loved and hated Will’s power over him so much that he could never make sense of it all. Up was down, down was up, and he was on his knees indeed -- but to carefully lift Reid Taylor’s body into a nearby trash dispenser, which thankfully had been left in the hall by cleaning staff and just barely accommodated the relatively petite man.

Then there was the matter of cleaning the floor and removing all trace of their own DNA, and lastly hacking the dance studio’s computer to erase their appointment from this evening’s schedule.

Of course, this left the actual moving of the corpse, during which Will’s flat and resentful glare made Hannibal feel even more than he normally would the labor of moving the large container outside and lining it up against the building’s back brick wall with the rest of the trash and recycling to be disposed of by city workers in the morning.

With any luck, the mechanical lifting arm of the garbage truck would not snap under the unusual weight in this bucket, and the truck would depart with the dead body unbeknownst as yet to anyone. Taylor’s body would be quite tainted as to evidence of any kind by that point, mixed in a very suitable and satisfying manner with the day’s collection of standard rotting banana peels and coffee grounds.

“Why don’t you wipe that asinine smirk off your face?” Will shook his head, bone-tired and miserably shaken.

Murder was another day of the week for both men, even impetuous and ill-advised murder that might too clearly indicate their involvement. But they did not normally quarrel over such matters, working instead as a well-oiled machine of teamwork, perfect partners. There was some sort of betrayal which Will perceived in this specific murder -- and Hannibal could not comprehend it, anymore than he necessarily understood his own motivations and feelings -- or wanted to.

They got in the Bentley, strange anger and bitterness tense in the air between them. Hannibal drove home, and Will took a nap on the way, his arms tightly crossed and face pointed away

from his lover, towards the rain-dotted window.

***

Will roused from slumber when Hannibal turned the Bentley into their driveway. He wanted to run his fingers through Will's curls and say he was sorry.

"I think it was suffocation, ultimately," he said instead, in his same old wryly, self-congratulatory, amused way.

"Shut up," Will snapped, storming from the car to the house.

Chapter 3

Part 3: I prefer the worst of you

Hannibal.

Hannibal pressed his lips together. He put his hand on the keys in the ignition, gave them a single squeeze, fought the urge to run from the impending lover's quarrel. If he said the wrong thing one too many times, who could truly say if would not be the final straw, the *thing* that made Will see how damaged, broken and disgusting he was deep inside, how annoying and useless?

Where were these thoughts coming from, after the many years he had spent walling them off in the furthest recesses of this memory palace? He closed his eyes, counted a few careful breaths. It was all an illusion. Of course, he was a monster but in that there was power, even the power to best this intolerable vulnerability. He would simply march into that house and show Will Graham who was boss.

***

Now.

"I place my heart in your outstretched hands, yet you question my devotion." Hannibal stood, crossed to the desk and took up a matching glass tumbler to make himself a drink like Will's.

Will neatly whisked the bottle of liquor away and poured himself a refill instead, directing Hannibal with a mere nod of his head to place himself in a yet more submissive posture.

Hannibal knew the code of signals and normally would have been on his knees by now, mouth watering and hands trembling with joy. Instead, pride kept him glued in place, glowering at Will.

"My hands are outstretched, yet you question my devotion. You refuse to trust me. That's what this is about." Will downed another long sip of whiskey, face becoming more attractively flushed with the burn and slowly building tipsiness.

"I thought it was about Reid Taylor. Since I certainly never felt a need for such overreacting moralization when you killed Franklyn, a complete innocent, and his admittedly suspicious friend Tobias. With, I might add, far less reason for jealousy on your part."

"You're *exhausting.*" Will groaned, set the glass of whiskey down where he knew it would leave a water mark, deliberately avoiding the coasters and shooting Hannibal a "don't you dare" look when the doctor moved to touch the glass and place it in a more sensible spot.

Hannibal obeyed the unspoken command about the glass, hating that it pleased him Will wasn't so angry as to totally abandon their small rituals, even excited by the punishment of not being "allowed" a drink, even the idea he was to be scolded. Caught between the walls of

his own conflicted feelings, without understanding many of them, he attempted to follow Will's line of reasoning, even as his blood again rushed to his groin with every stern look which the younger man gifted him.

"I spend most of my time wishing to provoke your disciplinary side," he ventured, flirtation adding an enticing rumble in his tone, his accent thickening. "Now I find myself wishing to forget every other thought and feeling save for whatever you think I deserve."

Will sighed and swayed his third drink glass side to side, "Would you be penitent?"

"Not too soon."

Will's eyes darkened; his jaw tightened and he circled the desk, settling in Hannibal's usual chair. Despite the several fast drinks, his iron-clad tolerance meant he would have needed at least as many more to be fully drunk. But the liquor had loosened his restraint while strengthening his resolve. He still looked like a high end model or the head of some massive international business concern in his gorgeous suit, and Hannibal's only instinct in staring at his boy was to beg, perhaps to pray. Certainly to submit.

Will looked with discerning assessment at Hannibal, the way the older man waited for orders, still lacking a properly submissive posture while longing for discipline. Every contradiction stoked the flames of his own frustration.

"Strip," Will said definitively, waiting without the slightest doubt that Hannibal would speedily obey, without knowing if the order was designed for his pleasure or Will's entertainment, amusement or other satisfaction in his humiliation, perhaps even rejection.

Hannibal hesitated only a moment, thinking as he often did of slitting Will's throat or his own, any means of escape from emotion that crushed him into the finest powder. He was just dust on the air, motes drifting wherever they could be close to Will; he was lost to himself. He needed the escape into freefall, to abandon his self-control. Losing himself to be overwhelmed, overcome by Will, eclipsed, was the truest meaning of being alive he had ever known, and pride be damned -- there was no resisting the slightest chance Will might touch him, even just a little, but perhaps much more than that.

And so it appeared that Hannibal had learned who was really boss.

He slowly unbuttoned his suit jacket, already growing harder in his trousers from the fierce, hungry look in Will's hunter eyes.

That's when the phone rang.

***

"Jack," Will said confidently, almost flip. He stared Hannibal down until the killer felt like a butterfly trapped in his net. Then he clicked the speakerphone button and Hannibal froze in the act of undoing his shirt.

Jack Crawford's voice sliced through the already tense air between the lovers, deep and rich as ever. "Will, you can't avoid me forever."

"Oh, can't I?" Will smirked, but the smile was directed at his boss and not Hannibal, who was still on punishment.

For Hannibal, he lifted one finger and signaled him clearly to continue stripping. Discomforted, with a bizarre feeling of exposure at Jack's "presence" in the room, Hannibal did as he was told. The time was that the exhibitionist side of him would not have cared who saw -- or in this case heard -- him sexual, but this was different. This was about his submissive side, and that was something he only shared with Will.

"It's nothing personal," Will went on, unbuttoning his own trousers, then exposing his immense-looking erection with a very quiet, quick exhale through his nose.

He mouthed to Hannibal, "*Prepare yourself for me.*"

To Jack, he added, "I know you're chasing me down over that totally pointless evaluation. And with all due respect, Jack, can't you just fill in the blanks?"

He closed his eyes, licked his lips and wrapped a beautiful, long-fingered hand around his rigid, clearly aching cock, beginning to stroke himself with languorous, indulgent attention. As pleasure began to sweep through him from his own knowing touch, Will shivered, but did not make any further sound on the subject.

Meanwhile, Jack was irritated. "Will, dammit, you're not any different from the rest of my team. You have to follow the same rules, not get treatment that -- you're not that special."

"I'm not?" Will cast Hannibal an absolutely evil and intoxicating little boy lost look and stared wantonly while the older man bent over the front of the desk, directly across from him, and -- by now fully nude -- reached a hand back to begin preparing his entrance for the taking.

"Okay, fine, is this what it takes, a little placating?" Jack replied, slightly mocking. "Some flattery? You're a very precious snowflake, Will. Now, will you take ten minutes to do this damn assessment -- by the way, what gives you the impression I particularly feel like doing this, either? Bella and I are supposed to go to the movies in an hour and you are not going to hold us back by stalling -- or ruin my work day tomorrow by making me show up without all my required agent evaluations on the Ripper case closing."

"Well." Will shook his head when Hannibal tried to punish himself with a dry and painful opening. "I have been known to play ball a little easier when I know I'm properly appreciated. Isn't that true of everyone, though?"

He stared at his lover's lips, prompting the older man to dip three fingers into his mouth and pump hard and fast enough to make Will's eyes go even darker and more demanding. Hannibal obeyed the edict that he not hurt himself with a dry penetration, but he did cause a few ragged grunts with his insistence on filling himself, only lubricated with saliva, all three fingers sliding in and in until he could do so with relative ease but plenty of burn.

“Hey. Everything okay over there?” Jack asked, pausing in another tirade about Will’s lack of professionalism.

“Oh. Yeah, we’re fine; the dogs are hungry but Hannibal can feed them.”

Will shook his head again, stared Hannibal down and pressed a finger to his lips. He breathed out a nearly inaudible “shhhhh.”

Hannibal bit his own hand as with the other, he fucked himself desperately, hips bucking to shove his ass back on his thick fingers, so impatient to prove his availability and need to Will, that he would submit to this embarrassment and anything else his boy needed. Perhaps they would not even have to go to bed separately -- or even still angry. He had longed for this penetration all day, but had neglected to wear a plug, having been instructed by Will to hold out and prove he could be patient in waiting to be properly filled. Without Will, he would always be empty; this was clear from the state he was in the day Will found him.

His head was pressed uncomfortably to the desk, sweaty brow and cheek sliding up and down with his every wild bucking motion, his fingers driving right for his prostate -- but he knew better than to give himself that pleasure; Will would certainly know by his every silent but urgent response, and Will had not said he could do that, and Hannibal would not disobey, would rather die than defy his master…

The humiliation of Jack’s droning voice going on about the necessity of documentation on a case this huge, the importance of covering every base so that when Chilton went to trial, his defense had nothing to work with -- no mistakes on the FBI’s part to poke holes in their case for Ripper’s condemnation, only spurred Hannibal deeper into blinding sub-space. He knew he deserved this, that he had been very bad and disrespected Will’s wishes, that he had made a mess. Then he had been dreadfully ungrateful, deceptively avoiding his own and Will’s questions about his actions and feelings. This was an important lesson he must learn, not to try and pull back from Will out of fear of those feelings. It was *the* lesson which Will had stressed from the beginning of their romance, and he had failed his lover’s tutelage yet again.

“Okay, okay, I get it,” Will replied, his acting skills amazing, dazzling, so convincing even Hannibal might have thought this was a perfectly normal work call. But he was stroking his cock faster now, biting his lip and quivering in pleasure. “Why don’t we do it right now?”

He looked at Hannibal. Jack said, “Finally, you show some damn common sense. Okay, hang on. Yes, here we go.” An audible sound of papers being moved around, a pen uncapped. Hannibal could easily picture Will’s boss at his home office desk, reading glasses perched low on his nose, brown eyes frequently darting to his wristwatch as he did not want to be late for his date with Bella.

Hannibal went to Will and moved to straddle him face to face, but Will clucked his tongue quickly, twirling his finger. He did not touch Hannibal whatsoever, and that was unspeakably painful. Understanding what he was to do, Hannibal turned away from Will and lowered himself carefully onto his lover’s cock from behind, so that he was facing the opposite wall with its large, oval-shaped mirror displaying his own whorish conduct.

This sight, the way he could actually see Will's thick manhood gradually enveloped by his tight, barely ready body -- the way he was naked and Will fully dressed save for his cock filling Hannibal mercilessly, dragging harsh pleasure from every nerve ending in the older man's body -- the *sight* of them together, Will refusing to touch him, it drove him *crazy.*

His mouth fell open and he gaped at the sight in front of him in their reflection, and Will answered a few of Jack's questions, biting back his own cries at being buried so thoroughly in Hannibal's round, pert ass. All the sights, feelings, sounds and sensations swirled through Hannibal as he began to fuck himself more fully on Will's perfect shaft, his only source of gravity a hard grip on the side of the desk -- he supposed he must have let out a tiny, breathy cry.

With Jack still going on in his professional questions in the backround, Will muttered very quietly in Hannibal's ear, "I said, *hush.* If you let out one single moan, one more gasp, one of your cute little Lithuanian curses, you won't get to come tonight."

The hot tickle of Will's breath on his ear, the gruff rumble of his ordering tone vibrating, it was the closest Hannibal had come to feeling his lover's touch during the encounter, and it filled him with an even more invigorated lust, thrills running down his spine, erotic joy building in his belly and through his groin -- knowing he would most likely not be allowed to come for hours only heightened the excitement.

Hannibal's face lit up; he almost smiled but forced it back, much like the loud moans he was swallowing with every sweaty, greedy pumping motion of Will's cock sliding in and out of his sensitive and needy body. He might get to come that night? What did it matter how many hours might pass beforehand, knowing how sweet the held-back release would be, most of all because Will commanded it so. From Will's mood, he had assumed it would be at least a week before he was allowed to orgasm.

Later on, when permitted to speak, he would say it: *You're so good to me, Will. I don't deserve it, baby.* Perhaps he would sacrifice this precariously possible gift of an orgasm, to prove he was -- if not sorry for killing Reid Taylor, more in love with Will than ever, hopelessly devoted--

"Aaaahhh," Will whispered, gripping the bottom of the swivel chair. He fucked up harder into Hannibal with a loud, slapping noise, thankfully muffled by Jack -- who had gone into the kitchen for his evening smoothie -- running the blender. By the time the noise on Jack's side calmed down, Will had slowed his thrusts, knowing that in addition to making their fucking quieter, the sudden change of tempo would ensure Hannibal's most delicious torment.

Now he went deliberately slow, urging Hannibal to do the same, until the older man was riding him with such gradual, long, deep thrusts that tears of exertion, desperation and embarrassment mixed with the sweat on his face and the excitement that left his untouched cock bobbing rock hard and huge between his thighs.

"*Look,*" Will hissed under his breath, having noticed that an overwhelmed and unbelievably sensitive Hannibal had turned his eyes from their reflection, looking instead at some random place on the wall, an elegant painting of a bloody woodland hunt in baroque style. The

pleasure searing through his core while he fought not to climax made him nearly blind to the details of anything else he might see.

Shakily, he gazed again at the mirror, observing to his exhilarated shock how wrecked he was, red-faced, cock leaking all over himself while his face was contorted in love, lust and hard-fought control of his body's most insistent urges. And there was his Will, bold and shameless as ever, silently trembling with every move they made in harmonious rutting and riding; his eyes absolutely haunting in their demanding intensity.

“And as for resources spent, man hours, if you had to guesstimate, just for the actual search on Chilton’s residence?” Jack asked, pausing, most likely for a sip of his frozen peach-spinach concoction, Bella’s latest attempt to get him on a healthy eating kick.

He needed to get his blood pressure down --

Hannibal’s blood was lava, his head a fever dream spill of sexual obsession, anguished, soft craving, his heart was thundering so fast he could barely hear Will answering Jack’s question with his voice only slightly heightened; Jack might assume Will was in the kitchen, too, fixing a snack, that the mild up and down of his vocal tone had to do with light movement and cooking work, a theory soon confirmed when Jack said, unperturbed, “You two having anything good tonight?”

Hannibal’s calves and thighs were racked with aches from the work of sex in this position, the lack of support from Will’s hands especially difficult for more than one reason. Normally, Will loved to hold him around the stomach when they were in this position, as he had a definite fetish for Hannibal’s belly. He knew he would also have been treated to mouthing at his neck and spine, tugs on his hair, Will’s nails in his sides and thighs, if only he had behaved himself better, not been so unruly and laid them open to possible detection in their ongoing murder courtship. If only he had -- but this, to suffer pleasure without Will’s regard or support, without Will’s tender words of praise and adoration for Daddy, to hold in every way this erotic ordeal undid him -- could he really resist the growing, warm, tight tension at his core which told him -- if Will fucked into him a few more times at that angle which pressed straight to his prostate, and if Hannibal wasn’t careful not to --

Did he want the punishment that would follow a stolen orgasm? His head spun with the possibilities, and Will saw through him like clearest river water. “Don’t you dare,” he mumbled coarsely, watching their reflections writhing, the strange way they did not touch each other except in the most intimate and scandalous way, and -- “Get me off. Make me come, hard, but you don’t get to come. Don’t you pout at me either. It’s going to be hours, if you don’t black out first. By dawn I think you’ll tell me the truth.”

Jack had been away for a few moments making a second smoothie with sugar and raspberries added, since the first one had been “gross, but don’t tell Bella.” The noise had cushioned the raunchy action on Will’s side of the call, but now there was no such protection, and as Hannibal rode Will with spine-tingling abandon, he felt a vigorous jolt of triumph when the younger man spasmed beneath him, hips smacking Hannibal’s soft cheeks hard as he released into him on a whispered gasp, seed spilling deep inside Hannibal to remind him he still belonged to Will. It was a tremendous relief, a comfort, but also even more erotic and naughty as Jack chimed back in, while Hannibal rode Will harder to draw the orgasm out,

Will sweaty and handsome and perfect beneath him -- best of all, nowhere near done with Hannibal -- “Ah. That’s better.”

“The-- uh…” Will threw his head back, damp curls flopping as he dragged a hand across his sweaty upper lip, shaking with post-orgasmic tingles. “The spinach can be a bit much if you don’t add more fruit to balance it out. Aren’t you two going to dinner after the movie? Better save some room.”

Save some room. Hannibal almost had to laugh at this obvious dig at him, but it would have been remarkably unwise. However much fun Will had at the expense of the scenario, Hannibal was still being disciplined. As Will thrust his dick one more time, managing to steal a last twinge of rapture, Hannibal grabbed his own cock firmly and squeezed to fend off his orgasm. He stifled his cries of pained denial and gave Will his largest, most pleading eyes, the ones he knew his boy found incredibly hard to say “no” to.

“No,” Will said simply, although his sex-sated face and relaxed, swooning posture showed he was just as delighted by the love-making. Still, his voice remained stern, or as Jack might interpret it, business like. “I don’t think the funds allocated to that search would have exceeded a thousand. Conservatively, I’d put it more at five hundred, including the forensics on the kitchen. Beverly has the exact figure.”

“Great, I’ll follow up with her. That’s all I needed from you for tonight. But tomorrow, we *are* going to meet with Dr. Hawkins, who did your post-kill-shot psych eval after Hobbs. He doesn’t even work here at the bureau anymore, he’s coming in especially to corroborate this stamp on your file that says you’re good to stay in the field. So don’t you dare be late. My office, ten am sharp.”

Hannibal’s reddened face most likely turned scarlet. Hawkins, yet another of Will’s admirers. He ought to make a double session appointment with Bedelia out of sheer spite. He scowled, and Will, who finally, finally broke in his disciplinary sternness for just a second, laughed. It was such a loving laugh, and he even gave Hannibal a brief hug around the torso, lips brushing his bare shoulder.

“You’re ridiculous.” Will’s forehead fell to the crook of Hannibal’s neck and shoulder.

“*I’m ridiculous?*” Jack chuckled. “You would have scored a 2.1 on the Responsibility Field Test if I didn’t fudge your grade. Lucky for you, you close cases, Graham. Your partner’s a hell of a cook, too, and when I wheedle my way out of this diet, I’m going to expect a dinner invitation soon. It's the least you can do for your sainted boss.”

“We wouldn’t miss it,” Will promised, soothing Hannibal’s stressed expression with a gentle smile in his direction.

“Great. Now have a good night, get some damn sleep, be to work on time in the morning, and Will?”

“Hmm?” Will was watching Hannibal, who had risen from his place on the younger man’s lap to sulkily retrieve his black underwear from the floor and slip back into it.

“Better get Dr. Lecter in there to help you with that recipe.” Jack’s voice was piqued by amusement, as if he had just finished an especially funny sitcom episode. “From all the hell I hear you raising in that kitchen, you could use an assist.” The phone clicked off to a dial tone while Will turned crimson.

“Oh, come on! We were quiet, weren’t we quiet?”

Hannibal gave one of his elegantly small shrugs. “If there’s nothing else, mylimasis…”

He turned as if his intention was to go to bed. Any amusement at their escapade and being found out was undercut by this news that Will would meet with Hawkins. Although his legs were shaking and his muscles were sore from the wild sex position, he maintained whatever dignity he could out of spiteful resurgence of temper. He was still floating in his submissive mood, but the waters were darkened by blood droplets. He tried to awaken from his lulled obedience without success; he was only waiting for Will to stop his latest show of rebellious sulking, for he was always waiting for Will. He no longer knew what else in this world even defined him beyond that.

Ah, but that hideous, lusting wretch, Hawkins. Hannibal knew he should have killed the therapist during that first introduction outside Bedelia’s house, but the public setting had fouled the scheme.

“There *is* something else. But you can go to bed.” Will’s voice was a smear of contempt. Hannibal’s attempt to evade further interrogation or confront the Hawkins issue directly had flipped Will’s mood back to anger.

“Naked,” Will added. “Don’t try to go to sleep or touch yourself. I’ll be there shortly.”

“Will, I’m tired--”

“Do as you’re fucking told, Hannibal. Every time I think you’ve learned your lesson, you prove otherwise. But you’re going to get there shortly, I’m confident about that.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Part 4: Go easy on me, baby
Hannibal and Will

"I know there is hope in these waters / But I can't bring myself to swim / When I am drowning in this silence / Baby, let me in." -Adele

***

“Who does your body belong to?” Will inquired, feather-soft voice exuding dominant energy.

He was the most dangerous when he was quiet, Hannibal always thought. He thought so now, cuffed to the headboard, watching Will drag a black leather riding crop down his tensed wrist, over his arm, up his shoulder to nudge his chin.

Will hovered above him, not letting his weight sink onto Hannibal. He kept the boundary of *almost* and *not enough* which had characterized his punishment style all night. Will’s own selfish pleasure would be his well-earned and first priority, and Hannibal would have it no other way. To exist merely to please Will was a privilege, a dream come true.

“Like every other part of who and what I am, it belongs to you, Will.” Hannibal’s voice wavered in its gruff resignation when Will dragged the crop down his side, teasing it gently over his nipples.

“Did you really want to go to bed after we had sex downstairs?” Will raised his eyebrows.

He’d flung off his shirt around the same time he grabbed the riding crop and ordered Hannibal to lift his wrists for the cuffs. Everything was a piece of their usual games, but Will wasn’t merely playing. Luminous and enthralling, he waited expectantly for Hannibal’s truth.

“No.” Hannibal flinched when Will tapped the riding crop in a quick, firm slap against each of his pebbled nipples. His cock was still painfully hard, and it had been hours. “Huuuhh,” he gasped, hips bucking towards Will, seeking friction automatically.

“Aww, so needy.” Will pouted, taunting him, never lovelier than when he was cruel. “So, you lied. No part of you could have expected to get away with that, which only makes it naughtier. You have been so very, very bad tonight, Daddy. Tell me now, why didn’t you wanna go to sleep?”

“I wanted...you said if I was good, you might allow me to come, eventually.”

“You wanted me to come here with you and fuck you again, this time letting you finish, but you were willing to lie to me in order to avoid having what you *wanted*?” Will slapped the tender inside of Hannibal’s thigh with the crop, mesmerized when the older man got even

harder at the sensation, breaths coming fast and furious. “Is that how much you fear giving into me completely and telling me your most painful truths?”

But Hannibal had turned his face to the side, making Will growl, “Don’t you turn away from me!”

He spanked Hannibal’s ass, easily accessible due to the older man’s bent legs that willingly offered the soft cheeks, with the crop, nice and hard, enough to leave reddening scratches -- those would turn to welts if he went much further, if Hannibal kept hiding--

“*Will!*” Tears streamed down chiseled cheekbones again, and no one else would have recognized the dignified doctor, torn to shreds by an erotic fever, all shocking twists of pain and delight.

Will sighed. *“Look* at me, Daddy.”

Cinnamon eyes turned to him hesitantly, shimmering with inscrutable emotional turmoil and confused pleasure at the whipping. He was so hard he was leaking all over himself, pearly precum sliding from the tip of his thick cock, gorgeous body shivering as his breathing labored, fight or flight adrenaline doubtless rendering him slightly woozy.

Will knew Hannibal had again slipped deep into sub space, and he cherished the delicacy of this bonding moment, would never abuse it. However, he did recognize that there was an opportunity here to save Hannibal from himself with a little tough but profound and nurturing love.

“Answer the question,” he urged. “Were you trying to hide your feelings from me?”

“Y-yes,” Hannibal admitted, lower lip wobbling adorably; Will traced the plump shape with the crop, then leaned in to give him a soft, wet, lingering kiss.

Hannibal moaned and leaned into the kiss for all he was worth, opening his mouth wide and twirling his tongue desperately against Will’s.

“That’s okay, Daddy,” Will soothed as he drew back. “You know you get rewarded for good behavior no matter how bad you’ve been earlier. If you do as you’re told, that won’t be the last kiss for the night. Please tell me, honey…”

He dragged the crop over Hannibal’s chest, then down his abdomen. As his slim but strong body hovered above Hannibal’s trembling one, he gave his lover a more demanding, grim smile.

“Why are you so worried about me running into Hawkins again? Hmm? You think just because *he* likes me, I’ll fuck around on you? It’s Carter all over again. Even this thing with Taylor -- you think I’m looking at other people, imagining them inside me or underneath me, how much better they would feel, how they’d make me forget you, just wanna fuck them instead, give them all of me that used to be yours?”

“Stop it,” Hannibal begged, too far in his submissive daze for the rage this would otherwise inspire.

He just looked broken-hearted instead, and that broke Will. But without harsh words, Hannibal might never open up about this, and their relationship might well snag, perhaps irreparably, on this unspoken paranoia.

“Then *tell* me why you even care if I have a twenty minute rubber stamping meeting with Hawkins where we’re not even alone.”

“I was displeased to realize you had not informed me of the scheduled meeting,” Hannibal explained, trying to pull eye contact away, focusing on the ceiling over Will’s scarred and sculpted shoulder. “It seemed like a secret and...I did not wish…”

“I told you to fucking look at me, Daddy,” Will hissed, grasping Hannibal’s plush ass and digging his nails in, scratching hard on one of the whipping marks from the crop.

“Oh!” Hannibal’s back arched as more precum dripped from his aching cock, his wild movement making the chains on his cuffs rattle. “*Will,* please--”

Will spanked him roughly with the flat of his palm right on the place he’d scratched and Hannibal downright mewled.

“Look at me.”

Hannibal shook, weeping and gasping, beautiful, reflecting so many types of passion that Will lost count, lost himself in the eyes and soul he loved most.

“My darling,” Will whispered fiercely, stroking Hannibal’s face slowly, “Tell me if you believe I would ever cheat on you.”

Understanding dawned on Hannibal’s face, perhaps enhanced rather than dulled by the euphoric free fall gifted to him by Will’s savage control. From his place inside Will’s command, he had the freedom to let go of his repressive mind’s habits, and now he felt a layer of scales drop from his vision -- Will could see it in his eyes, blinking in baffled revelation.

“Yes,” Hannibal blurted, sniffling through more tears that began to rack his chest.

Will caressed his face and kissed his tears away. “Oh, love...let it out now. I don’t know why you think I would be unfaithful to you. Part of me is still so fucking mad because I knew that’s why you really killed Taylor tonight, but you wouldn’t just *say* as much to me.”

“I’m sorry, I did not mean to make you angry with me, Will.”

“For once,” Will laughed through tears of his own, and Hannibal let out a gruff, tear-thickened chuckle in return. “You do love to provoke me, and I know damn well that’s where half your spankings at least come from. But this, tonight, wasn’t a game to win your favorite form of punishment. You were terrifyingly jealous.”

Hannibal's arms had gone slack; Will unshackled them from the bedposts and refastened the cuffs above his lover's head on the pillow. A small release of discomfort, but he did not remove Hannibal from his entire control; that would be far crueler than he wanted to be tonight, when the older man had finally started to admit his most guarded secrets.

The doctor's eyes were huge, gazing into Will's face by the dim, rosy-peach glow of the bedside table lamps, his limbs loose, body pliant on the black silk sheets. Everything Hannibal was, was an offering to Will. How could Will be ungrateful for such beautiful gifts?

So when Hannibal's only reply was a nod, he forgave him. Even a nonverbal response was difficult and brave.

"You want to think you're too prideful to feel that kind of jealousy, and you don't want to show me how insecure you are," Will mused, drawing on empathy and everything he'd ever been able to figure out about his complicated lover. "But the source of the insecurity itself...I'm afraid that somewhere deep inside you don't have a sense of worth, and that you've cemented over that void with your sophistication and brilliance until you forgot it was there yourself, till we met."

Hannibal nodded again, and Will kissed his face, one kiss for each salty-hot cheek and one for the tip of his nose, Will's fingers fondly stroking through his hair.

"When you wouldn't just relax and enjoy our special night -- dance with me and never mind that random idiot, tonight I just felt so mad that you...valued your doubt of me over the chance to actually have me. So I sent you a message, a test."

"You caressed his hand," Hannibal breathed out, shuddering in bitterness at the memory. "What did you hope to prove?"

"That you were being a short-sighted, deluded ass," Will sighed, still rubbing his hand through Hannibal's sweat-matted greying hair, but rolling his eyes. "Well you *were,* and save that pout for when we're done talking, you know what it does to me. Um…"

He sighed. "Hannibal, I wanted to prove that if I ever had a fling or an affair, it wouldn't be because some stranger hit on me. It would be because *I* gave in. I want you to respect my agency and *trust* me when I promise you, from the bottom of my heart, I would absolutely never do that to you."

"I can try," Hannibal offered, feeble but sincere in the deliberation.

While his words fell from his kiss-swollen, tear-salted lips with the usual fancy turns of phrase, every syllable was a small victory; he was lost in his feelings, emotional and physical, and his voice was an accent-slurring whisper, nothing more.

"There are times I look at you and do not understand what a god such as you might see in a mere mortal such as myself. You strip me of my own pretensions to elevation above the human realm, which I once obtained easily enough through the hunt, my art, my career, the life I crafted. When I see you, I see all my own weakness. Why would you stay with me?"

“It’s cute that you think you could get rid of me if you wanted to, or that I’d ever lay a finger on someone else’s body now that I’ve had yours.” Will tossed the crop aside and smiled tenderly, resting his body fully on top of Hannibal’s, their raging erections hotly nestling.

His bare, smooth chest felt perfect against Hannibal’s furry one, and their nipples, hard and sensitive, brushed together, pleasure igniting through Will’s body from head to toe. “I’m going to make you feel it,” he promised huskily, starting a slow, tantalizing frotting glide, pinning Hannibal’s cuffed wrists harder to the sheets and flicking his tongue over firm, rosy nipples. “Until you believe it.”

“Oh, God, Will,” Hannibal gasped, coming almost immediately-- just a few long, knowing strokes of Will’s cock against his ignited the massive orgasm which by now was two hours delayed. “I’m sorry,” he shivered convulsively, seed spurting thickly from his still rigid cock to slick the glide between their straining, sweat-dripping bodies.

“Jesus, Daddy,” Will groaned, digging his fingernails into Hannibal’s palms and rocking his hips harder, faster, drawing Hannibal’s orgasm out and heightening his own build to completion. “Fuck, you feel so good. No one else could ever love me like you, no one else is as beautiful --”

Hannibal had a weakness for Will’s praise that had him trembling and moaning softly.

“You’re not on punishment anymore,” Will moaned back, voice gritting as one more rut of his hips against Hannibal had him coming, too, and when he was done he made sure Hannibal licked most of their intermingled release from his fingertips, sucking wantonly between broken moans of gratitude.

***

April: Several Months Later

Jack and Bella’s backyard barbecue vow renewal party was a classily understated and joyous affair. As Hannibal stood beside Will, watching along with the other guests from the couple’s circle of family and friends, the happy couple did a flawless tango on the wooden dancefloor under the rented bridal white tent, Jack even taking the rose from Bella’s dress sleeve with a confident flair and placing it between his own lips as he gave his lovely wife a low dip at the ending note of the hot-tempoed song.

“One more second, one more inch and I was about to collapse!” Jack laughed, and Bella, who was also slightly out of breath, laid a hand on the lapel of her husband’s navy blazer.

“Nobody ever would have guessed, honey,” She assured him while winking to the crowd of guests, causing merry laugher to cascade through the assemblage.

Beverly, Brian and Jimmy were engaged in their usual fast, good-natured debating over the most delicious of the appetizers on the buffet table, but Hannibal’s taste ran only to Will, the hunger of his emotions eclipsing his cannibalistic fervor, or becoming it -- still, it was difficult to ascertain that line, if it even existed.

“You’re making me blush, Daddy,” Will chided softly under his breath, kissing Hannibal’s cheek casually, his arm firmly wrapped around his lover’s waist, always marking him as his own. “Do you think I haven’t noticed you staring at me since we got here?”

“Do you think I haven’t noticed you enjoying it?” Hannibal smirked, his eyes briefly rolling up when Will shot him a saucy look that went through his layers of pride and humor like an x-ray.

He was once again exposed, as easily as Will discerned the motives of any fellow killer, but he was Will’s first and only *choice*, and he was learning to let that matter and heal his old emotional wounds, the child inside him crying in the snow miles away from his family’s sacked estate, bloodstains seeping into the merciless freezing slush.

“I assume you can’t stop thinking about what you have on under that cute little ‘casual’ outfit,” Will said lightly while they strolled the big, well-kept backyard with its freshly blooming vegetable and flower gardens.

A low, country-yellow painted gate led the way to a more secluded area of the Crawford’s gardens. Will opened the gate for Hannibal with courtly charm, and gestured for his lover to slip away with him, an invitation eagerly accepted; he had to smother a laugh when Hannibal almost darted through the gate towards the welcoming privacy.

They wandered on, impressed by the natural wonders which the Crawfords had cultivated in only two medium-sized garden areas, eventually stopping beneath an iron, lattice-work awning overgrown with ivy and wildflowers on purpose, to lovely aesthetic effect.

“Are you cold,” Will asked, still using his casual tone to drive Hannibal insane. There was a mild bite in the Spring breeze, but it didn't stand a chance against the blazing desire between them.

“No,” Hannibal insisted, grabbing Will by the collar of his blue and white gingham shirt and laying a smoldering kiss on his mouth, his tongue dipping eagerly inside Will’s parting lips. He tugged Will down to sit on an old-fashioned white bench with elaborately looping design on the frame and without further ado, placed his big, strong hands firmly on Will’s knees and parted them.

“My goodness, Daddy,” Will laughed, his pretty blue eyes so vivid it took the older man’s breath away. “Here? Now? What if someone sees?”

“Let them see, then,” Hannibal said without hesitation, gliding his groping, knowing hands up Will’s tan trouser-clad thighs, stroking his thumb against the hardness above and sighing with neediness.

“Then I want to see you. In what you have on underneath.” Will gave him a very deliberately commanding look. In it, there was the unhidden truth behind his metaphor, unhindered by the lust in his own darkening gaze, the strength of his own hand deep in Hannibal’s hair ready to shove him down to work.

Will had guessed correctly that Hannibal had been hyper-aware of his undergarments since the younger man told him what to wear all day to get him in the mood for later: his naughtiest bright red lace lingerie. The shameless attire tightly hugged his muscular body under his dapper pinstriped suit jacket, white shirt and blue bow tie and slim-fit charcoal trousers that showed off his trim waist and round ass. His pants ended at the ankle and displayed his strong ankles above shining brown loafers, and of course this entire Edwardian-level fashion moment was Hannibal Lecter's idea of *casual.*

"Daddy, you know I'd fuck your brains out anywhere, anytime just for what you have on on top of your secret, special little things," Will promised, "But show me, I've waited long enough, too."

The bright music continued playing happily from the speakers in the adjoining garden where the Crawfords and their guests celebrated, and the vibrant tropical beats seemed an appropriate match for the mood between the murderous lovers hidden in their stolen scene of lust.

Hannibal moaned at Will's words and slipped loose his bow tie, unbuttoned his shirt to reveal the crimson lace clinging to his body, making him feel extra sensitive. The frilly, ruffled lace negligee was technically a babydoll dress, hitched up above a skimpy red thong. Will put his groping, claiming hands on Hannibal's ass cheeks, revealed by the mere thread of underwear between them, Hannibal's trousers by now hanging around his thighs while he kissed Will's lips, so hard and deep he thought they might both faint.

"Get on with it, then," Will growled possessively, pushing Hannibal's head down to his straining erection, freed from his pants and held lovingly in the Ripper's skillful grip.

Hannibal swallowed him down immediately, and Will slammed his free hand down on the bench to prevent himself from shouting with the shock of pleasure occasioned by the older man's warm, tight, enveloping lips on his rock-hard erection. And Hannibal never let up, bobbing his obedient head and slurping, sucking, kissing, licking, deep-throating as if his life depended on Will's pleasure, nothing else mattered. Will kept pushing his head up and down roughly, fucking hard into his mouth until he filled it with a hot, salty splash of cum and Hannibal still wouldn't stop, not until overstimulation had Will slapping his face adoringly, urging, "stop, stop, stop, you're fucking killing me."

The older man smirked proudly and stared up at Will, the red silky straps hanging enticingly from his broad shoulders, Will's sticky seed still dripping from his lips.

"Look at you," Will smiled, just as proud of him, in awe. He traced Hannibal's lips with his thumb and slipped more cum into his mouth. "You're as pretty as a picture, Daddy."

He tucked his cock back into his trousers and went on caressing Hannibal's reddened, sweet face. Drawing him into a tender embrace, Will rubbed his back. "I should take you in there with the rest of the crowd and fuck you in your lovely nightie for them all to see. Would you like that?"

"Yes," Hannibal whimpered, nuzzling into Will's neck, "I would."

“I guess I probably shouldn’t throw away my career and every friendship I’ve got at this this party, but let it be noted for the record that I am *very* tempted,” Will confessed, his voice still husky with afterglow. “Get dressed again. Don’t even think of taking off that red get-up until I get you home later.”

Hannibal nodded, cheerfully obedient, and reassembled his person suit of elegance, slicking a hand through his hair to straighten it somewhat. He still had sex hair though, and a glow of lust about him that made Will’s heart hammer.

“Red is definitely your color,” he praised. “It suits you. You’re so bold, you never stop amazing me.”

“Nor you me, my dearest.” Hannibal sat down beside Will on the bench again, asking for no release despite his engorged cock, a state of affairs which he would simply have to wait out before appearing before the other guests. They both knew it suited them -- for different reasons that yet united perfectly -- to force Hannibal to serve Will’s needs and wait to have his own fulfilled.

“Now that I let you suck me off in the garden, do you think you can survive the rest of this party before I take you home and show you exactly what I think of your slutty but very good behavior and that nightie which I haven’t stopped thinking about since this morning either?” Will grinned, wildly happy, so much so it scared him. He never thought he would meet his soulmate, not really, and it still threw him for a rapturous loop in such moments of complete intimacy.

“I think I can, baby,” Hannibal said, very sincerely and so adorably Will had half a mind to bend him over the bench right then. But the waiting intoxicated and invigorated them both; it was going to be another very long night of fucking until dawn found them quite possibly still writhing together.

“I notice that you’ve been much more open with me lately,” Will noted as he threaded his fingers through Hannibal’s and led him back through the gate to the party proper.

Hannibal nodded, taking two flutes of champagne from a tray offered by a passing caterer. The young waitress in her pink vest had a face to match, blushing as she gave the lovers a knowing and embarrassed look. Clearly, there had been every opportunity for passers-by to catch onto his and Will’s tryst in the other garden, and Hannibal’s smile merely widened at the realization while he held the glass of sparkling wine up in a gesture of pleasant acknowledgement towards the waitress.

Turning back to Will, he added, “You mean since what occurred at Le Danse, and afterwards...our discussion of your fidelity. I took your words very seriously, and have endeavored not to lock you out, as you call it, ever since.”

“I love that,” Will enthused, nodding with a smile at Jack, who passed them quickly on his way to oversee the grill where he’d been micromanaging the catering staff as Hannibal might have if he wasn’t so busy with Will. Even if this was their own party, Will suspected quite vainly that Hannibal wouldn’t have time to hassle the caterers to a culinary perfection he considered worthy.

“And I’ve been thinking…” he placed several raw oysters, a prosciutto-wrapped persimmon hors d'oeuvre and a grilled veggie mini-skewer on Hannibal’s plate, curating the snacks with pleasure at the obvious implication of sexual stamina. Still, his heart outpaced his libido at the moment when he added, “Someday, I’d like to take you to your home. When you’re ready.”

“You mean...to what remains of Castle Lecter?” Hannibal had taken the plate Will offered, but his fingers tightened on it now as his brow furrowed. “I have long thought never to return.”

“*I* think it might help you,” Will explained, gently resting his hand on the curve of Hannibal’s face and caressing his jawline. “There’s a part of you that never left, but maybe if we were there together, we could leave together. And I would love to see where you were a boy.”

“I’m perhaps more a boy here and now with you than I ever was then.” Hannibal’s face was still etched in concerned hesitation at Will’s idea. “I need to think about it, this trip home. Let you know in time.”

“Okay, sweetheart,” Will accepted, kissing his mouth and both his cheeks.

Their more chaste PDA was still shameless. Across from them, already filling their plates from the dessert bar, Beverly and Brian whistled and said “*Oooooooohhhhhh!*” at them like a live studio sitcom audience while Jimmy called, “I’m sorry, I don’t know these people.”

Will and Hannibal chuckled at their antics, and then the older man cast his lover a more serious gaze.

“You make me want to try,” he smiled.

Will nodded again, returning his warm look with stars in his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to bbirdlie on Tumblr for er, *permissioning* this story! Your awesome prompt led me to write into some important themes which we'll circle back to in the main *Gold Rush* arc -- namely, Hannibal's unresolved trauma and insecurity, and this setting of Jack and Bella's garden party, which will also make another appearance in an upcoming chapter!

If anyone is interested in *permissions*, please do check out my tumblr, https://earthsickwithoutyou.tumblr.com/

Now I'm off to work on the main arc and hopefully also update "two weeks" soon! 🤞💕

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!